

HUMOROUS.

—“What are all those ribbons hanging on the chandelier?” “Those are not ribbons; they are neckties. I’ve pulled off different men when I was learning to ride a wheel.”—Chicago Record.

—Ferguson—“It says here that no foreigner is allowed to be 48 hours on Turkish territory without a pass.” Nixon—“It must be tough on the railroads that have to issue them.”—Boston Transcript.

—Mr. Dunham—“I have called, sir, to tell you that your daughter, Miss Fannie, and I love each other very dearly. I want to ask you for her.” Old Mill—“Well, you’ll have to wait awhile. There’s no vacancy in the store now that I could put you into.”—Cleveland Leader.

—Ragles—“Wot yer doin’, Weary, wid de teller?” Weary—“Lookin’ fer work.” Ragles—“Lookin’ fer wot?” Weary—“Wot fer?” Weary—“So’s I kin avoid it. I wuz jest sizin’ up de houses round here ter see if I can’t strike one dat keeps a gasline in instid uv a wood pile.”—Judge.

—“Fwat’s this I hear about you soakin’ in a Chinymen wid a brick?” asked Mr. Hogan. “Niver let me hear av th’ like again. Always br-reak a brick in two and soak your man twice. You young Americans are much too wasteful.”—Indianapolis Journal.

—Visitor—“What! He is three months old and you haven’t named him yet?” Mrs. Wheeler—“No! You see, it’s this way: I want to name him after my bicycle, and John insists on naming him after his. I guess we will have to compromise and name him after the wheel mother rides.”—Puck.

—“Yesterday,” said Jabson, “I refused a supplicant woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time.” “Your softness of heart does you credit,” said Mabson; “who was the woman?” “My wife.”—Detroit Free Press.

POPE LEO XIII’S BIRTHDAY.

Carpinetto in the Apennines, the Pope of Peace and the Pope of Bedroom. Count Ludovico Pecci, nephew of Leo XIII, and his wife, Donna Vittoria, have given, in honor of the pope’s name day, a great reception at Carpinetto, the birthplace of the Pontiff, where they live. Carpinetto is a mountain village with about 5,000 inhabitants, and is picturesquely situated on the top of a peak of the Lepini mountains. Being surrounded by points much higher, and snow-capped at some seasons, it is really very beautiful. It is far from railways. One has to drive five hours in the diligence in order to reach it, and it has thus kept much of its primitive character. The inhabitants are very poor, mostly shepherds. The women, starting early in the morning, sometimes go 15 miles to gather wood. When they are employed in cultivating the land they do not earn more than four or five pence a day.

The present village was, in the middle ages, a rather important town. It was, with its surroundings, a duchy, first under the Caetani, to which family belonged Boniface VIII., who had his ears boxed by a Sciarra-Colonna at Anagni, and later under the Aldobrandini, to which belonged Clement VIII. For two centuries, however, the most important family there has been that of the Pecci, although they originally came from Siena. The Pecci own the only building which can be called a palace, and half of the environs. From their palace, which is built on the highest ground the outlook is grand toward the mountains and picturesque looking down over the roofs of the medieval town. The interior is much more sumptuous than one would expect in that half-wild district. There are vast anterooms and magnificent halls, hung with tapestry and large family portraits.

The portrait of the pope’s mother represents her as handsome and dignified, and that of his father, in his uniform of colonel (he served under Napoleon I.) as a good-looking man, in whose features can be found traces resembling his celebrated son. Leo is also there. The likeness is an exceedingly good one—more than can be said of his brother, Cardinal Giuseppe Pecci, who died in 1890 at the age of 83, a rigid Jesuit, who had a rooted objection to posing in any form for his picture. Among the portraits there of persons not belonging to the family, is one of Duke Loubat, an American ennobled by Leo XIII, who has erected three or four statues of the pope in different churches.

The room occupied by the present Pontiff when he resided in Carpinetto is still called “Camera di Monsignore,” and has not been disturbed. It is very modestly furnished, having a little round bed with curtains, a small writing desk near a window, a picture of the Madonna, a portrait of the Blessed Margaret Pecci, an ancestress of his, and a few chairs.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Where Mustaches Are Barred. Time was in England when the employees of banks might not wear beards or mustaches. This restriction has in almost every instance long been removed. One exception still remains. The historic house of Coutts, where royalty keeps its private accounts, declines to alter the rule of a bygone age, and visitors to its ancient walls will note that its employees present a remarkably trim and smart appearance. The younger clerks yearning for those hirsute adornments so dear to budding adolescence have recently memorialized the partners on this subject, but, alas! without success.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Guess. “I’m opposed to horse racing. I think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should step in and put a stop to it.” “Well, old man, I’m sorry for you. That’s all I can say.” “Sorry for me?” “What do you mean?” “Oh, of course you had your money on the wrong horse.”—Cleveland Leader.

A HELPLESS FARMER.

William Stimpson Stricken with Paralysis of His Lower Limbs—Caused by Overwork.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind. Many of our readers may remember an item in this paper a year ago last fall which stated that Mr. William Stimpson, a well-to-do farmer, living near Rugby, Ind., had been stricken with paralysis of the lower limbs, and his recovery was doubtful. The case which was an unusually severe and complicated one has at last been entirely cured, to the utmost surprise and joy of Mr. Stimpson and his family.

Mr. Stimpson was pleased to relate to a reporter the particulars regarding his case, and his subsequent recovery. “A year ago last fall,” began Mr. Stimpson, “I did a large amount of work. My hired help left me in the middle of corn cutting, and when I finished the fall work myself, I did an unusual large amount of work. I put up several hundred shocks of fodder, and also husked all my corn. To accomplish this I had to work early and late.

About the first of December, as I was getting my fall work about done, I suffered a stroke of paralysis, which the physician said was brought on by excessive labor. My left limb was entirely helpless and my right limb was fast becoming so. My physician became uneasy, and after attending upon me for a week or so, he brought me a box of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People, saying that he believed they would do me more good than anything which he knew of, as he had used them with great success in a case very similar to mine where all other remedies had failed. The case in question was that of L. Phillips, of Petersburg.

“About the time I began taking the second box of these pills a decided change was made in the condition of my limbs. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall’s Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists, J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Hall’s Family Pills are the best.

Helpless. Mamma—Well, Henry, Laura told me this morning that Mr. Loggins had intended to call on you today for the purpose of asking you for your hand. Did you see him?

Papa—Yes, he called. “And what did you say?” “What could I say? Isn’t he one of the greatest center rushes in the country? You didn’t expect me to commit suicide, did you?”—Cleveland Leader.

Stain by Poison. Not the poison that the covert assassin administers in the drink, the food, or some other guise, but the poison of malaria shortens the lives of myriads. There is a safe and certain antidote, Hostetter’s Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, but roots out its seeds when they have germinated. Dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatic, liver and kidney trouble are conquered by the Bitters.

A Careful Borrower. “Pa sent me over to borrow your lawn mower. An’ he says wouldn’t you prefer to sharpen it yourself?” “Why should I prefer to sharpen it?” “Cause he says he is awfully about such things an’ he might turn the edge.”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen’s Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly makes the sting out of corns and bunions. It’s the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen’s Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, colds, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial free. FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Similar Experiences. “Did you ever run after a ferryboat only to find that it was coming in?” “Oh, yes, and at the time I was courting my girl, and though I was sure she was coming, she never came. I was so sure she was coming, she never came. I was so sure she was coming, she never came.”—Philadelphia North American.

PARROTS HAD THE LAUGH.

Instructor of Infants Meets Difficulties in the Park Zoo.

She was a prim, close-fitted looking young woman in a dark dress, and as she walked through the Lincoln park zoo with a body guard of ten mild little girls explaining matters generally, the monkeys yawned and murmured with that tired feeling.

“Kindergarten—seen ‘em before.” She paused before the parrot’s cage, adjusted her eyeglasses on her classic nose, and prepared to enlighten the innocent mind of youth.

“These are parrots, girls. Mamie may spell parrot,” spelled one of the small maidens.

“Rot, Mamie, ‘rot,’ said the fair Minerva, serenely.

“Rot, Mamie, rot, rot, rot,” yelled the little gray parrot that laughs, and a sympathetic chorus took up the refrain. Minerva reddened, and the maidens giggled.

“How annoying!” she went on. “These birds, girls, have the power of articulation and if carefully instructed are capable of almost perfect mimicry; but while possessing this gift of mimicry, they have no reason to guide the import of their utterances as the human consciousness has, and consequently are unable to converse intelligently, being simply echoes so far as speaking is concerned.”

The big green and red parrot stood on another leg and eyed Minerva with microscopic scrutiny.

“You understand,” she continued, “they have no mind and consequently no personality. When discovered in their natural state they are as other birds; but upon being associated with human beings they rapidly acquire the use of the peculiarly shaped larynx, which, as science tells us, enables them to articulate. The theory has been propounded that at the time of protoplasm.”

“But Polly felt ill with baleful resentment. ‘O, rats!’ he broke out. ‘You ain’t so nice.’”

And the gray parrot laughed in diabolical glee as the kindergarten were hastily led to where the canaries warbled.—Chicago Tribune.

AN INSPIRATION.

She Would Show Her Strawberry Mark for Identification.

“There,” she said as she finally got the check properly indorsed, and handed it to the paying teller; “I’d like to have the money, please.”

The young man scanned it carefully, and then looked at her.

“Is there anything wrong with it?” she inquired, apprehensively.

“No; I am sure it’s all right. Only we have our rules here, and before we can let you have the money you will have to be identified.”

“But the friends I am visiting took a trip into the country with my mother this morning.”

“Then you will have to wait till to-morrow.”

“But I need the money to do some shopping this afternoon.”

“I’m very sorry.”

“It’s absolutely necessary to be identified,” she asked, plaintively.

“Absolutely.”

“Well, I suppose I can manage it. Will the bank be open for an hour?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll hurry home and put on my evening gown. It’s a great deal of trouble, but it’s the only way, and I’m glad I happened to think of it.”

“I don’t quite understand.”

“Why, I have a strawberry mark on my right shoulder; and everybody who has read anything at all knows that there isn’t any better identification than a strawberry mark.”—Washington Star.

As To His Photograph. Cholly—I don’t think the photographer caught me expression, do you? She—I don’t see any,—Puck.

FRENCH MENUS.

They Are a Thing of the Past, and English Is Now Used.

A gentleman who had noted the tendency upon the part of the restaurateurs of late to have their menu entirely in English, asked one of them what brought about the change from the old way, when French was the popular form for every menu in first-class establishments. He said:

“A change of time and a change of taste. There was a time when restaurants could charge very big prices. It was in good times, and people didn’t care much what they paid so that the service was up to the very best. Then we put the bill of fare in French as a gentle deception. Few could read French, and when they ordered pommes de terre they were under the impression they were getting a French dish when, in fact, they were getting plain everyday turnips with the jackets on.

“I remember many funny cases. At one time I had a couple of young people at a table and at the close of the meal they ordered cafe au lait, just because it brought up the word cafe. When they were served with coffee and cream they were surprised, and the waiter said the girl said to her beau: ‘Well, I know enough French now to know that kaf au lait is coffee. It won’t take me long to learn French, Willie, if you keep coming here.’

“Another thing. In the old days the French was a gentle deception. A man who ordered pommes de terre, say, was willing to pay a quarter for them, but he would have kicked like a mule to be called upon to pay that much for perfect turnips. When it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Largest in the World. The tobacco factory at St. Louis is the largest in the world. The building covers in two rows: 2400 feet on Park and 2400 feet on Folsom avenue, with a total width of 271 feet. You will discover the reason for this marvelous growth if you give Star plug tobacco a trial.

I count life just to try the soul’s strength on.—Robert Browning.

Trifle with sprains and they cripple. Use St. Jacobs Oil promptly. It cures.

The man who flirts with servant girls has domestic tastes.—Chicago News.

Bruises go when St. Jacobs Oil is used. No sign remains.

THE MARKETS. CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common, \$2.50 @ 3.25. Select butchers, \$3.00 @ 4.40. CALVES—Fair to good light, 5.75 @ 6.00. HOGS—Common, 3.00 @ 3.35. Mixed packers, 3.15 @ 3.40. Light shippers, 3.50 @ 3.70. SHEEP—Choice, 3.10 @ 3.35. LAMBS—Good to choice, 5.00 @ 5.35. FLOUR—Winter family, 3.60 @ 3.80. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 97 @ 99. No. 3 red, 96 @ 97. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 25 1/2 @ 26 1/2. Rye—No. 2, 47 @ 47. HAY—Prime to choice, 8.75 @ 9.00. PROVISIONS—Mess pork, 10 @ 10. Lard—Prime steam, 4 @ 4.10. BUTTER—Choice dairy, 14 @ 15. Prime to choice creamery, 16 @ 17. APPLES—Per bbl., 1.75 @ 2.50. POTATOES—Per bbl., 1.75 @ 2.00.

NEW YORK. FLOUR—Winter patent, 5.00 @ 5.25. CORN—No. 2 mixed, 30 @ 32 1/2. RYE, 46 @ 48 1/2. OATS—Mixed, 24 1/2 @ 24 3/4. PORT—New, 9 @ 9. LARD—Western, 4 @ 4.50.

CHICAGO. FLOUR—Winter patent, 5.00 @ 5.10. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 96 @ 97 1/2. No. 3 red, 95 @ 96 1/2. CORN—No. 2, 25 @ 26. OATS—No. 2, 18 1/2 @ 19 1/2. PORT—Mess, 7.50 @ 7.75. LARD—Steam, 4 @ 4.20.

BALTIMORE. FLOUR—Family, 4.00 @ 4.85. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 1.00 @ 1.01 1/2. Southern—Wheat, 95 @ 1.01. Corn—Mixed, 31 1/2 @ 31 3/4. RYE—No. 2 white, 26 1/2 @ 27. Rye—No. 2 western, 54 @ 54. CATY—Winter family, 4.10 @ 4.40. HOGS—Western, 4.65 @ 4.75.

INDIANAPOLIS. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 92 @ 93 1/2. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 19 1/2 @ 19 3/4.

LOUISVILLE. FLOUR—Winter patent, 3.75 @ 4.00. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 92 @ 93 1/2. Corn—Mixed, 25 @ 26. Oats—Mixed, 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2. PORT—Steam, 9 @ 9 1/2. LARD—Steam, 4 @ 4 1/2.

Pictures Tell the Story

Of how everything looks in South Dakota as the result of the great crops of the last three years. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company has had photographs taken of actual farm scenes in South Dakota and has had them reproduced in an attractive eight-page illustrated circular, which it is distributing free of cost to all who are looking for new homes in the most fertile section of the Middle Northwest.

Send your address to H. F. Hunter, Immigration agent for South Dakota, 291 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., or to W. E. Powell, General Immigration agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Contrast. Uncle Mose—“Whad yo’ doin’ wif white shoes on, yo’ triflin’ black rascal?” Young Mose—I wuz jes’ tiah’d uv brack shoes. I might ez well gone barefooted fer all de way dey showed up.—Judge.

Take the Air Line. To St. Louis and the West, 63 miles the shortest from Louisville, makes the quickest time, Pullman Sleepers, Parlor and Dining Cars. For complete information address J. P. Maffett, Traveling Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn. R. A. Campbell, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Slow Pay. Passenger—This is a very slow road. Brakeman—Very. “Do you suppose it pays?” “Yes; pays as it goes.”—Up-to-Date.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games? The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Ass’t Gen’l Pass’r Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

The man who is always telling how particular he is about his work, is often so particular that he gets nothing done.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Nothing is more pathetic than for a real homely girl to get the idea that she is good looking.—Washington Democrat.

Cure your cough with Hale’s Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike’s Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Lots of men find out two or three things about the Bible and then they put in their time arguing.—Washington Democrat.

Can’t bend. Got lumbago? Don’t try. Try St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

Nearly every man at some time has let his full beard grow.—Washington Democrat.

With a rub St. Jacobs Oil Subdues an ache and cures it.

Men are like pins—no good when they lose their heads.—Chicago News.

MRS. PETERSON’S STORY. I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham’s Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham’s medicine had not helped me.

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee, 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

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Dr. Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been curing people right along for nearly 50 years. That's why it is acknowledged to be the sovereign Sarsaparilla. It is the original and the standard. The record of the remedy is without a rival,—a record that is written in the blood of thousands, purified by its healing power.

“I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind.”—Mrs. A. F. TAYLOR, Englewood, N. Dak.

Get Ayer's Sarsapar